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The Dream of Life.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

IF, when my work of life is done,
Grim Death shall call,
And bid me leave this mortal life to go
To regions of a world whereof I know
Nor sight nor sound,
Shall I obey and bow my weary head
Without a plaint or murmur?—
Bid adieu
To flowering fields and never-changing sun
And glowing woodlands all,
When death's dark shadow ruthlessly will fall
Across my quivering, waning life?
Yet, shall I fold my hands upon my breast
And meekly go?
Yea, God knows best.
God's will be done!

An Hour with Dr. Young.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

What is it but the telescope of truth
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,—
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!—BYRON.



HERE are times in the ups and
downs of us mortals here below
when the world seems devoid of
sympathy and life a combination of
disjointed things; when existence,
instead of being a long, sweet poem,
as some deluded fancy has pictured it, is as
wooden and prosaic as those effusions which
emanated from the mill of Jeremy Cockloft.

But when Mephistopheles, with that trident
of his, besieges the citadel of our good humor,
and Pandora empties the box of human ills in
our pathway, when all the blue devils assail us,

and, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, then
we should seek relief in the soothing society
of cheerful friends, whether they be compan-
ions or books. Cheerfulness, however, is not
always a successful antidote for melancholy.

Now, kind reader, I am not an advocate of
homeopathic remedies,—by no means! But
in the successful treatment of psychological
affections, I believe sympathy to be paramount.
No friend can so well sympathize with you,
when you are sad, as he who has experienced
your precise sorrow himself, be it any grief in
the category of human calamities, from jilting
by your ideal maid to the defeat of your
favorite candidate for president.

It is not the purpose of this essay to ridicule
such a sacred thing as sorrow; far, indeed,
from me is it to make light of anyone's grief.
If the foregoing paragraphs seem frivolous
you will attribute it rather to the requirements
of a very grave subject than to the levity of
the writer. I have always contended that a
man who would treat a serious matter in a
playful manner is fit for treasons, stratagems
and spoils.

Gray, Byron and Young! Great names these
in the bright galaxy of English poets. Not
the greatest I admit, but men whose eloquent
pages delight us, and whose gentle pathos and
sympathy console us in our pensive moods.
No one ever reads the "Elegy" without feeling
its true poetry. Its effect is more like that of
a glorious painting than that made upon us
by a poem. We read the lines and we read
between the lines. The faithful description of
country scenes, the beauty and simplicity of
peasant life, and the deep meditations on
mortality leave a pleasing and lasting impres-
sion upon the reader's mind.

And Byron, what a deal of true poetry
he has given us! All through the Elegy on

Newstead Abbey, in every canto of "Childe Harold," and in almost every line of "The Tear," are to be found words of pathos and sympathy. "The Prisoner of Chillon," the poems to Thyrza and the letters to his wife and to his sister, teem with consolation, and I could go on *ad infinitum* were there not an unwritten law somewhere in the SCHOLASTIC'S archives, which limits the number of columns at the disposal of each member of the Staff. I shall, of course, with the best of grace, bow in humble submission to that inexorable edict, like the first settlers of Connecticut who proclaimed that the colony should be governed by the laws of God until they had time to make better.

I have decided that the entire field of English literature is too vast to be treated in this short essay, and shall confine my remarks to the author whose works I had originally thought to discuss—Dr. Edward Young.

Madame de Staël, in her delightful book, "Corinne," took occasion to refer to Young's "Night Thoughts" as Gothic barbarisms. The imputation is scarcely deserved; for if we are to consider popularity an indication of merit in a literary work, then Madame was rather reckless with her uncomplimentary epithets. We must consider, however, that "Corinne," while in general form a romance, does not strictly follow the lines of the novel. The beautiful Roman laureate and her lover, the gallant Neville, seem to be the centre of gravity around which all the events of the narrative cluster. But this interesting couple are only lay figures, before which Madame takes her readers as she decks out these puppets with multicolored raiment from all the realms of art and poetry. It is to be regretted, however, that her strictures fall, as in the present case, upon a poem so universally admired; and we cannot but think that in her chagrin at being compelled to acknowledge Shakspeare the greatest of dramatists, she wished to discount that admission by stigmatizing some other eminent English writer.

The general conception of the poem is good, and there are lines in it as sublime as any Milton or Shakspeare ever wrote, but there are many others that droop to a dreary ending, and have very little excuse for existing. With an imagination that was rich, active and eloquent, he flashes upon the mind of the reader a kaleidoscope of images that are, at times, bewildering, but so only because of their brilliancy. Then again, his figures consist largely

of abstractions, and this makes them less effective than if they were drawn from concrete objects.

"Night Thoughts" are the moanings of a soul loaded down with sorrow. It was written on the occasion of his daughter's and her husband's death, and like the cry of a bird sorrowing over its rifled nest, it is a sad soliloquy on the utter emptiness of this human life of ours, and a dim, hypothetical pondering of our existence beyond the grave. He seeks rest, he tries to look upon life more cheerfully, but even in sleep the dear face of his lost daughter cannot be forgotten, and he arises to write:

"I wake; how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain if dreams infest the grave."

George Eliot, as we might expect a philosopher of the positive school would do, maligns Dr. Young for his continual reference to a future life, and for drawing his illustrations from such heavenly things as the stars, the moon and the sky, instead of taking them from the fields, the woods and the lanes. While we have already owned that he sins in this latter respect, there are many metaphors in "Night Thoughts" taken from nature, which are singularly beautiful. What could be more striking than the following on the death of his daughter "Narcissa:"

"Like blossomed trees o'erturned by vernal storms,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay."

In our meditations we have often compared Young's writings with the solemn apostrophes of Ossian, and have thought them to be men of similar character. But there is a great difference between the poets. Ossian, so far as we know him through MacPherson's edition, was entirely devoid of humor. Dr. Young was not. For while most of his writings are as solemn as the toll of a funeral bell, he could leave such grave subjects as "The Last Day" and "The Revenge," and make his Muse speak in lighter vein. One day while walking in his garden in the company of his wife and another lady, a messenger came to tell him that a man wished to see him in his study. He declined to leave the ladies, but they insisted that he go, and led him to the gate. Then he uttered the following:

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth:
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

Perhaps no other writer, except Shakspeare, has so well shown the delicacy of his nature, the purity of his life, or the abundance of his

sympathy, as has Dr. Young. His lines on old age are strikingly beautiful. There is nothing in life that excites pathos in us more readily than the feebleness of an extremely old person—a poor, sad wanderer walking the last steps toward the grave, an exile, whose friends and kindred have passed away. The world is selfish, sociability is a reciprocal thing, and only loneliness is in prospect when the footsteps falter and the eyes grow dim. It is then, as Dr. Young says, old age should

“Walk thoughtful on that silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean, it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown.”

It is this that makes Dr. Holmes' "Last Leaf" a masterpiece of pathos. The poem presents to our mind an old man, walking amid the scenes of his youth, but the faces of his friends are all hidden in the gloom of the grave, and no warm hand clasps his, and no kind words greet him. If there be a person who does not feel the starting of a silent tear when he reads the following lines, I fear his heart is chilled utterly:

“But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“They are gone.”

One of the most touching incidents in the "Odyssey" is where Ulysses, aged and weary from long wanderings, enters his own door yard; and when every one fails to recognize him, his old dog raises his ears and head and comes to greet him.

There is a didactic element running through Dr. Young's poems for which all cultured readers readily pardon him: because a good precept blended with good poetry is always acceptable. He deprecates the motives that actuate most men—the love of wealth and fame. He exalts the value of friendship and the practice of virtue above all possessions, and declares that man's mission upon earth is to do good. I have always considered his lines on mortality singularly beautiful:

“Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch high the grave above that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude. We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh, and while
We sigh we sink, and are what we deplored;
Lamenting or lamented all our lot!”

There is a similarity here to certain thoughts in "Macbeth," and I regret that the confines of this paper will not permit a further discussion of them. Shakspeare and Young were poets and philosophers whose immortal words can die only with the English language.

A Summer Girl.

THOMAS TYRONE CAVANAGH, '97.

It was a beautiful September day that Jack Waters chose to bid farewell to Margaret Wrightington. Jack Waters had lived in Chicago all his life; but having been away at school and college for eight years, had not a large circle of intimate friends. He was a well-built man of twenty-four, with broad, drooping shoulders, a well-developed chest and large, muscular legs. He was exceptionally tall, and his clear, strong features and massive frame gave him a striking appearance. His hair was long and of a light-brown color. His large, dark blue eyes suggested good nature and at the same time shrewdness. He led a queer life. He did not care for the social functions to which he was invited, but would rather settle himself down in his large lounging chair, and, with pipe alight, read some modern novel. His intimate friends were three fellows he had met when a boy at Andover. The four had finished in the same class and entered Harvard together. They formed a queer lot. Never did they mix with any one else, nor would they ever attend teas or parties in Boston. On Friday nights they would leave their rooms, their books, their cares, and at some play enjoy themselves to their heart's content. Their antipathy for the opposite sex in general was very marked. Jack was pre-eminent in this dislike, and his companions were similarly afflicted. He had boasted many and many a time that he would never meet the girl who could turn him aside from the pleasures and enjoyment of bachelor life.

During the early part of July Jack's family went to Narragansett Pier. Jack accompanied them, hoping that he might meet one of his college companions and heartily enjoy himself. The first few weeks were very dull. He met many persons, but none of them interested him. The people at "The Mathewson," where he stayed, were typical bores, as most pleasure-seekers at fashionable hotels generally are. He was accustomed to bathe about noon, and after luncheon he used to walk along the rocks on the shore, novel in hand, and, finding a cool, shady place, would sit and read. One afternoon he was interrupted in his reading by the sound of a familiar voice, and turning around he saw two young ladies looking at him with restrained laughter. One was his

sister Marion, and the other a young lady, whom he had never seen before. She was about twenty years old, tall and very dark, with large black eyes and black hair. She wore a white straw hat with a blue band and a very becoming shirt waist with large puffed sleeves and a high collar. Her skirt was of linen, and she formed a pretty picture as she stood with her companion gazing down on the young man reading on the high rocks on the ocean's shore.

When Jack looked up they at once laughed and chaffed him for his choice of a reading place and especially for coming alone. It was Jack's first meeting with Margaret. That afternoon the three walked along the beach in the direction of Point Judith, and Jack felt that he had at last met a young lady who at least interested him.

Their acquaintance improved from that afternoon. Jack discovered that same night that Miss Wrightington also was staying at "The Mathewson," and from that time on he deserted the rocks where he was wont to read and spend many a pleasant afternoon, and lounged around the hotel veranda in hopes of meeting and talking with his new friend. He knew that a great change was coming over him, and he felt better than ever before. They would take long drives together and appear at all the dances at the Casino, and, indeed, at every other function. Jack's mother and sisters were surprised at the change, and were greatly pleased thereat. Both enjoyed themselves and both dreaded the coming autumn, for although they both lived in Chicago a separation was inevitable, as Jack had one more year at Harvard.

September came at last, and the two families left together for the West. The first two weeks at home were like those at Narragansett. They were together all the time. At last the day previous to Jack's departure came, and this is the day on which the story opens.

It was about three o'clock Thursday afternoon when Jack drove up to the Wrightington home on the Lake Shore drive with his fine pair of English cobs and Stanhope phaeton. They took a long drive along the Lake Shore, through Lincoln Park and along the Sheridan road to Edgewater, and before they returned Jack had proposed. The love was mutual, and the next day a large bunch of American Beauty roses was delivered at the Wrightington home, and Jack's train sped on to Boston.

His first night at Harvard was spent in his old friend Holworthy's room, and the four confirmed bachelors of the previous year

nestled around the grate-fire, and with lighted pipes heard and told their summer experiences. Jack had written to each of them and told them of his friendship and attachment. But the information that he was engaged came as a severe shock.

"Those summer girls," said Barnes, "never last. A few weeks of Cambridge air and you'll be the same as ever."

"I say, Jack, do you really think it will be a go?" asked Holworthy.

"Well," replied Jack, "the old gentleman seemed pleased and everyone agreed, so I think it will be all right."

That night the four old friends sat up very late. Every argument and pleading was made to dissuade Jack, but in vain. At last Jack defended himself by showing them her picture, but this did not influence them.

One morning in the early part of December, Jack was sitting in his room waiting for the morning mail when a knock sounded at the door and in came Holworthy. Their conversation turned on class-work, but was interrupted by the entrance of the servant with a letter.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Jack. "Say, Holworthy, how would you like to be getting something like this every other day? It does a fellow more good than anything you can imagine."

"From Miss Wrightington? Eh, Jack?" asked Holworthy. "How has she been lately? Have you decided on the day as yet?"

Jack did not open the letter at once, but immediately started to tell Holworthy about her, her friends, her family and the letters he was receiving from her.

"Is this a sample letter?" asked Holworthy, pointing to the one in Jack's hands.

"By George! old man, I had almost forgotten to open it." Jack opened it and read very slowly. His face became white, and the paper and envelope slipped from his fingers. He fell from his chair in a faint.

Holworthy lifted him to a couch near the window, and then picked up the letter. It was a marriage announcement and ran as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wrightington request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Margaret, to Charles Hampden Spencer, Wednesday morning, December the twenty-second, at ten o'clock."

Holworthy looked from the paper, but Jack was still in an unconscious condition. A few days later Jack told him that summer girls were very deceptive.

Varsity Verse.

THE PARROT.

HOW distinctly I remember that my thoughts glowed
like an ember
On that chill night in September, as I sat upon the
floor!

I had just been graduated, so I thought and meditated
Of my chances elevated and the victories I should score,
Of the fame and fortune waiting and of her whom I
adore—

How together we should soar!

I sat thus in meditation of my glorious graduation,
Minding not a salutation that I heard without my door.
But at last the fool so clamored, and upon the door
so hammered,

And, in fact, was so ill-mannered that the thing became
a bore;

So I thought it best to end it, and I opened wide the
door—

Flapped a parrot to the floor.

Then this hooked-nosed bird, beguiling my sad fancy
into smiling

By the bunch of greenish peffers that below the beak
it wore,—

"Birdie," said I, "shall the laurel ever crown my locks
of sorrel,

Or shall Fortune pick a quarrel with yours truly on the
floor?"

"Ha! my boy," the Parrot answered, "Fortune your case
will ignore.

Listen, I shall tell you more:

"When your fight for bread has started, and from
leisure you are parted,

Then 'tis Fortune shall have thwarted all your dreams
for evermore.

For this Fortune, mean contriver, shall make you a
street-car driver,

Of your line the last survivor, for you'll die a bachelor;
You who dream of reputation shall get nothing but the
core."

Then it fluttered out the door.

F. W. O'M.

SUMMER RECALLED.

When the moon hangs a lovely crescent
On the brow of the mid-summer sky;
When the streams, with their tints opalescent,
In song with the whippowils vie;

When the doves are all billing and cooing,
And nestling on sweet flowery sprays;
When the maidens and youths are a-wooing,
O give back the dear summer days!

When melons, and citrons, and squashes,
Their backs in the green corn-fields raise;
When the milk-maid the farm-hand "joshes,"
O give back the dear summer days!

When the bees on each clover blossom
Swing forth o'er the scented ways;
When boys on their teachers "play 'possum,"
O give back the dear summer days!

M. J. N.

The Potency of Music.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

Nearly all men are fond of music. I say nearly all, for, now and then, one finds a person to whom it is akin to agony to listen to the melody of a human voice, or to the harmony of a musical instrument. The productions of today are complex in form and varied in arrangement, and their power to arouse human emotions is correspondingly greater than that of the simple, rhythmic series of notes played or sung by all ancient peoples, civilized or savage.

That strange force which lies hidden in the bars of a simple tune, and running parallel with them, is the spirit of music or sound. This it is which moves men to act; arousing or calming their passions, and drawing them out of themselves. The media used are the voice and the various instruments of the nations. But he who wishes to act as interpreter must have a certain inspiration to which he may attune his soul, else his work is flat. He may, indeed, possess technique; but if the connection between the spirit and himself varies by so much as one vibration, then his theme must be dry and passionless.

Many readers may have had, perhaps, a personal experience in this regard. You have gone, let us say, to some recital given by a master, and have sat the whole performance through without so much as once feeling stirred. You caught yourself admiring the clever technique, the tone-shading, and the characteristic bearing of the player, but not for an instant did you lose sight of him except when you wished yourself out and away. But later, on another occasion, you hear the same man, and from the cry of the first note you were borne away from everything material, and heard nothing but the strains coming from a dim point beyond. Thought crowded upon thought; your nerves tingled; your heart-beat quickened, and, scarcely daring to breathe, you followed blindly on whithersoever the player went; and when the end came you felt like one astray, or as though rudely awakened from delightful dreams.

This power of music is universal. All peoples have used it and recognized its influence. The educated man and the savage have alike been touched by its potency. In Peru they have an instrument, a sort of reed-clarinet,

called the "Jania"; its tone is indescribable in its sadness. It acts like magic upon the natives; all noises are quelled at its voice, and silence is complete until the last melancholy note dies away upon the air. If rude hearts are thus touched by simple melodies, can we wonder at the tales of Orpheus, the mystic singer of Thrace, or of Amphion, the old king of Thebes? Horace, in that storehouse of knowledge, the "Ars Poetica," boldly tells us of their prowess and skill on the lyre:

"Silvestris homines sacer interpresque deorum
Cædibus ex victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones;
Dictus et Amphion Thebanæ conditor urbis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet."

Fiction though it is, the legend shows us that the Greeks felt sharply the spirit of sound, and were moved at its approach. Three thousand years ago Homer placed in the hands of Achilles a lyre wherewith he might comfort his heart for the loss of his loved Briseis. And did he not say of Apollo:

"Θυμὸς ἐδεύετό τι εἴσης δαιτὸς οὐ μὲν
περιχαλλέος Φόρμιγγος, ἣν Ἀπόλλων ἔχε. τε
Μουσάων, αἱ δ' αἰδοῦν, ἀμειβόμεναι καλῇ ὀπῇ."

Music to the Greeks meant all arts presided over by the Muses. This we should know in order to understand aright the allusions found in Plato and Aristotle. The former once said that "any musical innovation is full of danger to the state and ought to be prevented." He tolerated only that harmony which had a moral purpose, and he rejected enervating forms. The Pythagoreans were faithful devotees of the lyre and used it the first thing in the morning and the last at night. "They thought," says Naumann, "that it restored the even balance of the disturbed mind and renewed its harmonious relations with the world."

The Chinese and Japanese are very fond of music, and connect it with their idol-worship. The Hindoos taught that certain melodies brought rain from the heavens, while others moved men to act. Josephus tells us that in the treasures of Solomon's Temple there were 40,000 harps and psalteries of pure copper and 200,000 silver trumpets. The Hebrews had doleful chants, joyous melodies, and stirring martial strains, and fully knew the power of music. Of their land and themselves we read that "the grape-gatherers sang as they gathered in the vintage, and the wine-presses were trodden

with the shout of a song; the women sang as they toiled at the mill, and on every occasion the land of the Hebrews, during their national prosperity, was a land of music and melody." And did not David drive out an evil spirit from Saul by the sound of his harp?

Hence we see that music had a direct effect upon the emotions and morals of men in the olden times. But in the past few centuries the evolution of the art has gone on steadily, and all the latent potency of sound has been developed. In the notes and complex harmonic forms of today we find a mood for every humor. Mankind is swayed by a strange, sympathetic wave which follows the rendition of certain compositions. Are these emotions on the part of man a sign of mental elevation and morality? Richard Grant White thinks not, "for," says he, "the greatest, keenest pleasure of my life is one that may be shared equally with me by a dunce, a vulgarian, or a villain." And Dr. Hanslick, of the University of Vienna, goes so far as to say that the moral influence of tones increases in proportion as the culture of mind and character decreases. He seems to think that culture offers some kind of resistance to music's charm. He concludes this fact from his belief that the savage is influenced more than other beings. Here he makes a blunder; the savage shows his emotion by outward visible signs,—but still waters run deep. It is the shallow brook that complains and not the deep, river channel. The savage may be more demonstrative; but is his nature more susceptible to the influence of tones than is that of the white man, his brother? Reason and experiment strongly deny it.

Music is the most unselfish of all fine arts. It brings sympathy bubbling out of the human heart, and on this account the Greeks and Hebrews used it on all occasions. Its moral value is great. Its impulse is nearly always toward the better. Indeed, on the appreciation of its subtle pleasure depends, in some measure, the uplifting of man and woman to a higher plane of life and ideals. All pleasures that exist have either a good or a bad tendency; the former should be encouraged, for they help us to wash away the mud of vulgarity that clings to the human heart. Mr. Henry Finck shows clearly that music makes for the health and refreshment of the body. In his own words he says: "It acts upon my mind as a surf bath does upon my body." Its effect upon the body-senses is felt sooner than that of poetry. The latter can only be understood

when we are acquainted with the technique, and have our different faculties developed; but the charm of music is always present, from childhood to old age. The infant knows nothing as yet of metre or rime; but at the sound of the mother's lullaby, or the cradle song she sings, its impatience is calmed, pain is forgotten, peace reigns. And many of us who read a poem are not always carried away by the depth of thought, but are only charmed by the hidden music of the lines.

Is it true, again, that they who have no musical education are the most susceptible to the power of harmony? Does education offer a barrier to the vital force of melody? Perhaps we have forgotten the conversion of Saint Augustine. It was a Christian chant that he overheard in the Milan Cathedral which brought his devotion to life. The Church uses the art in connection with her worship, for she fully knows its strength; and Luther placed the study of music next to that of theology. He himself was an enthusiast.

When Joseph Haydn heard the "Creation" sung, he wrote to Griesinger, saying: "One moment I was cold as ice, and the next I seemed on fire; and more than once I feared I should have a stroke." Alexander the Great fell into a delirium on hearing the accents of Timotheus; and Malibran, that famous singer of France, was seized with convulsions when for the first time she heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. When Adelina Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home" in the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York City, one could see tears coursing down the cheeks of more than one listener; and these people who were so moved at that simple, suggestive strain were highly educated and refined. And perhaps you remember seeing serious men leaving the room where certain compositions were being rendered, so as to hide the violence of their emotions. The great masters themselves were softened by the charm of their art. The rough edges of passion were rounded off, and though they may have had faults, yet they were always kind, honest, and noble. Shakspeare knew its power when he said:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

We Americans are so practical as to be impracticable. We, more than any other nation, need a strong infusion of music as a tonic to

our moral and physical health. Refined pleasures are necessary. To eat and sleep are not the only things in this life that are useful to man. Shelley says: "Whatever strengthens and purifies the affections, enlarges the imagination, and adds spirit to sense, is useful." Harmony, melody, tone, in a word, music, does this. It costs but little of our energy, and its use will leave the greater part of wordly care and trouble standing in a sort of vague twilight, if it does not banish them altogether. It gives us strength of mind and heart, and adds enjoyment to the years that may be ours,—but to *enjoy* life is an art few Americans have ever mastered.

The Burglar.

WILLIAM J. MARR, '98.

It was the night before the Fourth of July. I was then about ten years old, and on that particular night considered myself quite an important factor in the family. The reason was this: my father had been called away from home that afternoon to be absent for several days. I rejoiced at this because, he said, I would be the only *man* in the house, and that accordingly I should act like a little man and cause mother no anxiety. Perhaps it was the toy-pistol which my father had given me that made me think and almost feel that I was fully grown.

It was with reluctance that my father left home that afternoon. A few nights previous to his departure, the house of Dr. Harder, a neighbor, had been entered; and although the burglars got away with but a few trifles, the mere mention of the affair was sufficient to disturb the peace of our household. The family consisted of my mother and sister, my aunt, an eccentric maiden lady, and a faithful housemaid. My father, on leaving, told my mother that her fears were groundless and that burglars would not waste their time in searching our house for a few worthless knick-nacks. Mother was easily persuaded that we had nothing to fear from burglars; my sister, however, was still uneasy. My aunt expressed her opinion thus:

"I think it is an outrage for us women to be left in the house alone."

"Aunt Fanny," said I, "don't be afraid, for if a burglar comes I will scare him away with my pistol."

I said these words, little thinking that I should have occasion on that very night to use my toy weapon.

That night I went to bed at eight o'clock, an hour earlier than usual, for I intended to be the first to rise on the morning of the noisy Fourth. I tried to sleep; it was useless, for the brilliancy of my treasure on the mantelpiece dazzled my eyes and seemed to tell me that it was daylight. Thus I had been awaiting the morning for about three or four hours. At last I jumped from the bed and went to the window to see if it were yet day. I saw nothing but darkness. Unfortunately, my arm hit against a flower-pot and it fell to the ground. In less than five minutes I was outside searching for that flower-pot. I found it shattered, and did not disturb the fragments, but with a sad heart returned to my room.

Another hour passed. But one thought occupied me: What would aunt Fanny say in the morning when she found her "cute little flower-pot" smashed? Thus I was musing when I heard a sound in the hall. Yes, I was not mistaken; I heard the creaking of hinges. Surely some one was entering aunt Fanny's room. I became terrified, for I remembered that in my haste to get back to bed I had left the front door ajar.

"Help, help!" aunt Fanny cried. "Help, help!"

Then I heard the screams of my mother and sister. I could endure it no longer; snatching my pistol I ran into the hall and pressed the trigger. It was no sooner done than my aunt fell to the floor. I could not see her in the dark, yet I was certain it was she. The burglar had escaped. How I wished he had been the target of my pistol! Would I confess, or let the blame fall on the unknown burglar? Then again, my father had told me that those cartridges were harmless.

How relieved I was when a neighbor came to our assistance! He lighted the gas in the hall. Fortunately he was a medical student. In a moment he was at the side of my aunt.

"Has my murderer escaped? The bullet is near my heart," she faintly murmured.

The thought that I had killed her made me speechless. My mother wept. My sister was still in her room, probably detained by fright. Young Mr. Ivers searched for the bullet, but could not find even the trace of a wound. All he said was: "I am sorry it has happened." Then he told her that she was simply suffering from nervous prostration. She insisted,

however, that she was suffering from a bullet wound, and cast a savage glance at the doctor. Mother then went to my sister's room.

"Oh! Mr. Ivers," she said, "Isabel is not in her room. Come and light the gas."

Mr. Ivers lit the gas, but Isabel was in her room.

"Oh! there she is under the bed," I cried.

"I'm sorry that it has happened," he said. "Mrs. Hartnett, please come to the parlor and rest yourself; your nerves are all unstrung."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Ivers, but let us tell Nora that nothing serious has happened; and, you, Isabel, come and join us in the parlor as soon as possible."

We went to Nora's room. It seemed to me that she had all the articles in her room packed against the door. What a sight!—her jacket on wrong side out; a coal-poker in one hand, a prayer-book in the other.

"Are yees all alive?" she gasped.

"Yes, Nora, but come to the parlor where we will talk it all over."

In the parlor we were soon joined by my sister and aunt. Mr. Ivers arose, bowed to my sister, and said:

"Miss Hartnett, I must now ask forgiveness of you and your mother and your aunt also. The fact is I was visiting a friend in the upper part of the city. We were discussing medical subjects, and before we realized it the electric cars had stopped for the night, and I was compelled to walk home. In my haste to get to my room I mistook the house (you know the houses are exactly alike), and I entered your aunt's room. I am so sorry!"

Isabel and mother smiled; I laughed aloud, but aunt Fanny was as serious as a judge. Fixing her eyes on me, she said,

"Then you are the rascal that caused all the uproar by shooting off that pistol of yours."

"But did you not lock the front door, Nora?" broke in my mother.

"Faix I did; as sure as ye see me wid one shoe and a slipper on, I did."

Then I told my mother how aunt Fanny's unlucky flower-pot was the cause of the whole disturbance.

Mr. Ivers, after receiving assurance that his slight mistake was freely pardoned, departed. From that moment my aunt conceived a strong antipathy for Mr. Ivers; and although her dislike for the man whom she called "a detected burglar" never diminished, Isabel's sympathy increased. Before another year had passed Isabel had married the "Burglar."

Books and Magazines.

—The endeavors of Catholic publishers and booksellers to instruct and entertain their co-religionists by bringing out good, popular works not only in attractive form, but also at low rates cannot be too greatly commended and supported. The firm of Benziger Brothers is one of the most noticeable in this respect. Everything issuing from its houses has, as it were, the *imprimatur* of taste and judgment. One of the latest publications of this firm is the "Devout Instructions" of Goffine, a book that should be in every Catholic household. The "Devout Instructions" is a treasure-house of information on the doctrine and practices of the Church. Here the Catholic can find in a compendious and practical form that knowledge of his religion which he may have neglected to procure elsewhere. How often does it not happen that a Catholic, whose circumstances have prevented a thorough instruction, wishes to have within easy and constant reach an authority or source of instruction which he may fall back upon? Goffine's "Instructions" will, in great measure, satisfy this wish.

Part I. explains the Epistles and Gospels and symbolical meaning of the Sundays of the year. Part II. contains instructions on the veneration of the saints, together with short lives of the most popular among them. Part III. enlightens with regard to the Sacraments and the ceremonies that attend their celebration. Part IV. elucidates the Mass and practice of Confession and Communion, and suggests devotions proper to each. The work concludes with a very attractive description of the places in the Holy Land connected with the cradle of Christianity. The solidity and usefulness of Goffine's work have received the commendation of the hierarchy of Germany and the hearty approbation of Cardinal Gibbons. The book is presented by Benziger Brothers in very attractive covers; it is printed from large type, has over one hundred and forty beautiful illustrations from old wood-cuts, and is offered at an exceptionally low price.

—Among the periodicals devoted to the honor of Our Lady, the *Rosary Magazine* holds a conspicuous place. A glance at the contents of any of its numbers would convince one of the admirable ingenuity that its contributors display in their tenderness and zeal to spread the homage which is so dear to their hearts. Especially suitable and interesting are their

efforts during this month of October, which has for a long period been a month particularly signalized by favors from Mary, and which is now wholly consecrated to her praise. Nor are the contents of the Magazine unvaried. Care has been taken to provide agreeable reading on several topics, so that a multitude of readers may each find something at least that will interest him. The article on the University of Fribourg is continued in the October issue, and portrays in a very agreeable way the general organization of the university and the advantages offered there to students in quest of knowledge. The internal government of the university under its Rector, Vice-Rector, the Deans and Vice-Deans of the different faculties reproduces in its main feature that of the universities of Germany. A noteworthy feature of the zeal in spreading knowledge manifested at Fribourg is the excellent custom of adding to the usual programme of lectures for each term some scientific treatises, calculated to bring the university before the notice of the scientific world.

It is pleasant to read of the foundation and history of such a community as that of the Dominican Nuns of Blauvelt. Economy, good business management, prayer and self-sacrifice, the bricks which have built so many similar institutions, are especially recognizable as factors in the success of the convent at Blauvelt. There five hundred orphan children are cared for with maternal delicacy, and taught, as they are brought up, how best to fight against the hardships of life, and strengthened with the force of both precept and example in the ways of uprightness. Our great missionary country holds many such mammoth works of grace, and the doing of these works God has, in the main, entrusted to brave souls, whose greatest penance is that they are borne about in frail bodies that must be cared for—not for self's sake, but that the Master's work may be the better done.

Father Duchaussoix continues his fascinating sketches of the great Dominican Order, an Order that has in its long existence entwined around itself the learning, piety and poetic beauty caught from the glorious life of its founder. From the beginning the Dominican convents were seats of learning, piety and liturgic discipline; and it is an admirable fact that the Order has always yielded its most illustrious subjects in times and places where the monastic observances, studies and liturgy have been most strictly carried out.

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—Father Robert of the Passionist Order will conduct the annual retreat for the students of the University. The latter part of next week will be entirely devoted to spiritual exercises, and each student should now begin to prepare himself for his moral betterment.

The Hon. Benjamin F. Shively, Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, was a guest of the University on Sunday evening, and was introduced to the students in the Brownson refectory. He delivered a short address, in the course of which he found occasion to impress upon the minds of the students the value of study, and exhorted them, above all, to build up manly characters. To illustrate his point he said, "You sow a thought and you reap an act; you sow an act and you reap a habit; you sow a habit and you reap a destiny."

Mr. Shively was a member of the committee on Indian Schools in Congress, and the liberality, which has characterized his whole public career, was there exercised in defence of the rights of Catholic education. Mr. Shively declares that his action in this matter is nothing beyond the ordinary, but we notice in it the work of a broad-minded man.

—It may be a source of encouragement to our poetic aspirants to know that their efforts are read and appreciated abroad as well as at home. A great many of our exchanges have given prominent places to SCHOLASTIC verse, and that is the sincerest praise one college paper can give to the contributors of another college journal. In days gone by the SCHOLASTIC was famous for its clever verse, and it now seems as if old times were coming back again. Our exchanges know a good thing when they see it, and we trust that their appreciation, as well as the appreciation of all readers of the SCHOLASTIC, will spur on our poets to continue their offerings to the Muse, and that their originality and cleverness will increase with age and experience.

—Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren), who is now lecturing in this country, declared in a recent lecture that the best national educational system was one that did not strive to give equality in learning, for nature has rendered that impossible, but to give equality of opportunity. Talent is not given alike to every child; but to those who possess it, no matter how poor or lowly they may be, a chance should be given to cultivate it. This is the system followed so successfully in Scotland. We think Dr. Watson is right in his declaration. In this country every child must attend a public or private school up to a certain age. Often a poor boy attends school up to this age and then necessity compels him to go to work, and in many cases the latent talent of a great man is forced to go into a factory or to work in the fields. It is true, the State provides High Schools and Universities; but it makes no attempt to support a poor, but worthy scholar, while he is attending these institutions. In some cases private munificence has established scholarships, which may be won by any deserving student, but these scholarships are few and far between. The State should lay aside a part of the school fund to establish and maintain scholarships, in order to give every student in the land an equal chance to raise himself to the place to which his talent entitles him. The public schools may be doing the best they can, as Archbishop Ireland said in our Golden Jubilee sermon; but our educational system must make many changes before it is perfect. The American people, however, realize the value of education, and are striving in every way to advance its cause.

A Word about Style.

We are often told that industry, patience and diligence are the means used to acquire a style. This has been preached to us again and again and, like sermons of a different order, it too often passes by unheeded. We are very careless in the manner of our writing. We are wont to dash off our thoughts in the glow of imagination, and before they have begun to cool, by being exposed to the cool air of judgment and intellect, we plunge them into cold type, where they become poorly tempered, where their fineness and flexibility are destroyed. Style is today the *summum bonum* of literature. Ideas are all old, for if it could be said in Solomon's day that there was nothing new under the sun, can not the same assertion be made with greater boldness and accuracy today? But ideas require new dresses to make them attractive. Old fashions are always ridiculous and new styles are constantly coming in. The best tailors and the best *modistes* are always sure to get recognition. So in literature the best styles are the most attractive, and the best stylists get the largest and most appreciative audience. Art runs to beauty for its inspiration, and beauty poses to suit the point of view of the times.

Few of us have stopped to ponder over the successes of great writers. We may know that Macaulay and George Eliot and Addison and Thackeray and Southey and Stevenson and, in fact, almost all the great English stylists have worked slowly and carefully. If we follow these models it may be that our compositions shall smack of oil, but it is far better to be reproached for over-nicety than for slovenliness. There is and can be no excuse for hasty publication. If there is anything of importance to be said the public will wait to hear it, and, when at last it is uttered, the public will be all the more grateful if it be uttered well. It may be surprising to learn that Mrs. Humphrey Ward has practically twice re-written her latest work, "Sir George Tressady," and it is said that the story, when published in book form, will differ materially from the magazine version.

These examples of perfection should excite us to do likewise, to give play to any talent we may possess, and to exercise the critical faculty on our own works. Every man, even if he have only mediocre talent, can acquire a good style, if he but work for it with diligence, patience and industry.

The Varsity Victorious.

Last Tuesday's game was entirely in harmony with the warm, sunshiny day on which it was played. The Commercial Athletes and Notre Dame were both in good form, though neither played a very quick game, which may be attributed to warm weather.

For some time the Varsity has recognized the need of interference, and it is gratifying to notice that after two weeks' hard practice they have at last so mastered the art of holding off their opponents that no fault can be found with them in this respect.

Doubtless the score would have been larger had not Reed been behind the Athletes' line to capture the runner after he bounded out from the scrimmage. On the whole, the game was a pleasant one, and, in spite of the large score, afforded much amusement. All the players were good-natured throughout each of the halves, and there was neither kicking nor slugging to mar the sport of the afternoon.

The most important points of the game were the long runs of Notre Dame. From the very start, when the Athletes kicked off and Notre Dame began playing,—making the long runs around either end—the visitors knew that the game was lost and could only hope that the score could be held down. However, this was the first game of the Athletes, and nine of their men had never played before. They had no one to substitute for Reed. Their offensive work could not be judged, for the ball was nearly always in Notre Dame's possession.

THE GAME

itself was nothing but a series of long runs and touchdowns. Reed won the toss taking the ball, the Varsity taking the east goal. Reed kicked off twenty-six yards to Daly, who sprinted westward thirty yards before he was downed. Then Schillo and Brown worked the ends alternately, the latter going over for the first touchdown in just three minutes. Kegler failed goal. The next touchdown was earned in the same manner, except that line plays were tried by Schillo and Kegler. Brown finally broke around right end for fifty yards. Mullen added fifteen and Brown rolled over. Kegler kicked goal. It took just two plays to get the third touchdown. Reed kicked forty-five yards and Hering recovered thirty. Here the Varsity worked a criss-cross, which set the visitors a-guessing, while Brown sprinted up the field sixty-five yards for another touch-

down, Kegler kicking goal. Score, N. D., 16; C. A. C., 0.

Reed again kicked off forty-five yards to Hering. Here Brown had to quit on account of a bad leg and Schillo took his place, Lyons going to centre and Moritz to tackle. Steadily the ball moved up the field by line and end plays, Hanly going over. Kegler kicked goal. Schillo made the next touchdown after about three minutes of play, in which the criss-cross was again worked. Kegler failed goal. Daly drew the next touchdown in four minutes, the same old tactics being used. Kegler kicked goal and time was called. Score, N. D., 32; C. A. C., 0.

When play was called Daly kicked off eighteen yards to McInerney who recovered seventeen. An off-side play and five yards through the centre set the visiting rooters a-going, but it was a false alarm, as Notre Dame got the ball on a fumble. Here there was a little real playing, but the visitors lost all hope when Doran had to take Reed's place, Tescher going in for Doran. However, they got the ball on a fumble and kept it for four downs, Wanner and Brown doing the playing. Daly had to leave the game, and Housel went in to chase around left end for twenty yards. Murphy's turn came next, and he scored a touchdown after a twenty-five yard run. Kegler kicked goal. After the next kick-off, Hanly and Murphy made runs of fifteen and fifty yards, Mullen scoring. No goal was kicked. The last touchdown was made in two minutes and a half, Mullen breaking around right end for a ninety-yard run. Kegler kicked goal. Time was then called with the score, N. D., 46; C. A. C., 0.

VARSITY	POSITIONS	C. A. C.
Murphy	Left End	Callicrate
Schillo	Left Tackle	Johnson
Rosenthal	Left Guard	McInerney
Moritz	Centre	Fogarty
Cavanagh	Right Guard	Brown
Hanly	Right Tackle	Muessel (C.)
Mullen	Right End	Pfleger
Hering (C.)	Quarter Back	Schnelle
Brown	Left Half-Back	Doran
Daly	Right Half-Back	Wanner
Kegler	Full Back	Reed

Substitutes:—For Brown, Schillo; for Schillo, Moritz; for Moritz, Lyons; for Daly, Housel; for Doran, Tescher; for Reed, Doran. Touchdowns: Brown (3), Schillo, Hanly, Murphy, Mullen (2), Daly; Goal-kicks, Kegler (5). Referee, Storey of Laporte. Umpire, Brennan of Notre Dame. Timers, Marmon and Ellsworth. Linesmen, Horst and Wade. Halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

J. W. M.

An Evening with Brownson.

There is probably no more interesting place in the University than the Brownson study-hall during the evening study hour. The electric light makes the hall look even brighter than in daylight. The uneasy student, twisting and shifting about in his chair, prays for the signal which announces "sleep." His more studious companion nervously taps the desk, registering the ideas that pass, as the fitful "click" of the telegraph key keeps time to the passing of the words. There, a student is writing to his parents, anxiously biting the end of his pen, trying to think of the most politic way in which to ask for more money. Near by is a young fellow writing to his sweetheart. He does not stop to bite the end of his pen, but puts the words on the page as fast as he can move his hand. Perhaps he is used to lying. Upon the rostrum sits the prefect, "a monarch upon his throne"—a limited monarch, perhaps, but still a monarch. Always watching, always wakeful, he fills his position better than a great many monarchs of whom we read in history, and who were even absolute. Far greener, too, is the memory of these monarchs of ours than that of many rulers of kingdoms, and far more beloved by their "subjects" are the prefects, who are gone, than those ermine-robed autocrats who ruled, if not by right divine, at least by the might of arms.

As we watch the students, there is a sudden commotion in the other end of the hall. Some one went to sleep and fell off his chair. A common occurrence, seemingly, from the little attention paid to it. All at once there is a shuffling of feet and a muffled thud. A mouse has scampered across the floor, followed by a slipper, so closely that the boy who threw it can scarcely suppress an exclamation. His exultation is short-lived, however, for the prefect has heard, and the boy's smile slowly fades away as he sees the prefect beckoning to him. He slowly goes up to the rostrum, receives his punishment, and, on the way back to his seat, hears on all sides: "How many did he give you?" After this unusual scene the hall is soon quiet again, save for the ceaseless scratching of the pens. Then a bell rings, and immediately the room is thrown into confusion. Books are tossed into the desks, desk-lids banged, locks rattled, and everything that may make a noise is done by the students. Night prayers are then said, and the students hurry off to bed.

H. C. S.

Exchanges.

The *Owl* is as full of good things as ever. It is as wise and learned as its namesake,—and just as serious. It has the same fault, if we can call it a fault, that we have mentioned in regard to the *Purple*: it is devoid of all that pertains to the imagination. The *Owl* is a literary feast, but the food it sets before its readers is almost too solid to be thoroughly relished. A bit of fiction or light verse would brighten it up wonderfully, and make an excellent paper still more worthy of praise.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* well deserves the title of "Magazine." The October number is replete with entertaining tales, clever verse and instructive essays. It is so bright and breezy that it is a genuine treat to read it. The news and local departments are not neglected, but the *Magazine* is primarily a literary paper devoted to the efforts of the students of the University of Tennessee, and these efforts speak most highly for the literary training received at that institution.

The *Holy Cross Purple* has also assumed the proportions of a magazine, but it eschews all semblance of frivolity and devotes itself to serious and thoughtful essays and dignified verse. There is, however, one attempt at a story—and one that gives promise,—but it is evident that the boys of Holy Cross have little time to devote to fiction and verse written only to amuse. The *Purple* is now an interesting and instructive paper; but if it would mix a little imagination with its learning it would be still more attractive to its readers.

The monthly magazine number of the *Oberlin Review* is a thing of beauty and a joy to every lover of a clever story, a learned treatise, or an entertaining description. In appearance it is the handsomest of our many handsome exchanges. It has an entirely new dress which is modeled somewhat after the style of the *Bachelor of Arts*. But the reader who is attracted by its appearance is not disappointed when he looks inside, for every article between its artistic covers is well worth reading. The editors promised a literary number of a high order, and they are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they have made good their promise.

Personals.

—Mr. Martin Killgallen of Chicago visited his son Tracey during the past week.

—Alfred Krug of Dayton, Ohio, at present a student in Carroll Hall, was honored by a visit from his grandfather, Mr. Stoffel, also from Dayton.

—Through the columns of the *Commercial* of Walton, Illinois, we learn that Mr. Bryan H. Tivnen (Law '93) is gaining quite a reputation for himself as a public speaker.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kasper visited their sons Adam and George on Sunday last. On the same day Mr. P. J. Kasper came to see his boys Frederic and Robert. The two Mr. Kaspers are of the Wholesale Grocer House, Kasper, Durand & Co., Chicago, Ill.

—E. Watts Milner (student '71 and B. S. *in honorem* '81) is Principal of the Woodstock School, Woodstock, Oregon. Mr. Milner is favorably remembered by some of the old-timers here, and it would give them much pleasure to have a visit from him.

—The Very Reverend Dean Oechtering, Mishawaka, Indiana, in company with friends from Fort Wayne, paid a short visit to the University last Wednesday. The Dean never seems to be happier than when showing his visitors through the institution whose growth he has watched with interest for years. Much parochial work, together with the ailments consequent to long and zealous labors, prevent the Reverend gentleman from calling as often as his friends here would wish.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, A. M., '88—and who does not know "Father Tim?"—was the guest of the Very Reverend President and Faculty some days ago. While the SCHOLASTIC has not of late made note of the visits paid us by this former distinguished contributor to its columns, the oversight, if such it may be called, is explained by the fact that our "Personal" man considers him a member of the Faculty having a leave of absence, and hence needing no assurance of a cordial welcome to his *Alma Mater*.

—Rev. Father Charles, from the Passionist Monastery in Hoboken, N. J., who gave the retreat at St. Mary's during the past week, paid us a short visit with the chaplain of the Academy, Rev. Thomas A. Vagnier. This being Father Charles' first call to the University since the fire in '79, he was most agreeably surprised at all the changes that had taken place. The electrical and mechanical laboratories were of special interest to the Rev. visitors, particularly to Father Vagnier, who, having occupied for several years the chair of Advanced Physics, was pleased to note the improved method of imparting instruction in these departments. Such visitors and visits are a pleasure to professors and students alike.

Local Items.

—Slivers has taken to the wheel in the hope of reducing his weight.

—That was a close shave Pete Carney had last Tuesday afternoon. Still it left its mark.

—About twenty of the Carroll bicyclists took a ride through the country on Thursday last.

—The Carroll handball association will soon form. There are many players now at work on the alleys.

—The parts for the St. Cecilian play, which is to be presented next month, have been distributed.

—FOUND.—On Brownson campus a sum of money. Owner apply to Samuel C. Frazer, Brownson Hall, and identify property.

—"If that guy hadn't stopped me," said Housler, after the game Tuesday afternoon, "I could easily have made a touchdown."

—There was no class on Tuesday, but the regular recitations took place Thursday. Very little time is lost at Notre Dame even during the football season.

—All matter intended for these columns must bear the signature of the writer unless sent in by our reporters. No anonymous contributions will be received.

—One of the numerous football enthusiasts was heard to remark: "That was a timely pass that the quarter-back made on Thursday." "Was it?" came the response. "Did the other fellow hold a full hand?"

—How old enmities will spring up again was illustrated the other day when a revival of the Franco-Prussian war seemed imminent, and all because Steiner and Piquette disagreed on the merits of vivisection.

—One of the most carefully trained teams in Carroll Hall is that captained by Willy Scherrer. The manner in which their interference moves and their criss-crosses succeed is an example to the teams of the larger Carrollites.

—We were expecting a brilliant contest between the S. M. Specials and the Minims; but since it has transpired that the latter are a notorious lot of sluggers, the manager of the Specials will, in all probability, cancel the game.

—The other evening Bro. Albeus threw out a new basket-ball. There were no demurs until Mr. Edward Herron arrived. He objected strongly, saying: "I'd rather play with a rugby. It's shaped so much like a watermelon that I catch it every time."

—On account of the large number of pupils in the "Second Course" class in Christian Doctrine it has been found necessary to divide the class into two sections. Rev. Father Morrissey will teach one of the sections and Rev. Father Regan the other.

—Professor Preston has proposed the organization of an Orpheus club. The announcement is meeting with general favor, and already a large number of students have presented their names as candidates. It is the Professor's desire to get about twenty-five good voices from among the students of Brownson Hall.

—The carpenters are building a fence along the east end of the gridiron to shut off the view of the large and intelligent audience that usually congregates outside of the hedge during football games. The number of people on the road has usually been as large as the number who paid to see the game; but hereafter this will not be the case. The fence will probably be finished in time for today's contest.

—The work of Hanley and Moritz during last Saturday's game was an agreeable surprise to everyone, even to those who had seen their fine playing in the practise games. Hanley "goes through his men," and tackles in a manner that makes the rooters' heart happy, and Moritz "bucks" the line like a demon. When we consider that this is the first year either of these men played, their work is simply wonderful.

—An enclosed athletic field is now a surety. The site is about to be chosen and work may begin on it this fall and be finished in time for the spring; and now if some kind friends of the University who are interested in athletics would come to the relief of the Athletic Association and donate enough to put up a fence and a grand-stand and to get the grounds in shape, we would treasure his memory forever. Who will be the first to say "I?"

—Bones: "Hesse has left the training-table." Tomaso: "Hesse?" (Key to the "joke."—The name H-e-s-s-e is pronounced Hess-ee. Now Tomaso, consciously or unconsciously,—let us hope unconsciously,—pronounced it as if it were spelled "Has-e?" The real humor lies in the similarity between "Hesse" and "Has he." If you feel like indulging in a side-splitting laugh, study the "joke" carefully and you will be well repaid for your trouble.—ED.)

—The new men are in amazement at the Indiana weather, especially the Spaniards. They find Monday cold, Tuesday warm and rainy, Wednesday and Thursday fiercely torrid, Friday blustering and near to snow, and tomorrow—*Quien sabe!* When told that we sometimes have several species of the genus weather in the same day, a little chap from Cuba remarked: "Ah! that is why you name your weather bureau a Department Bureau."

—As election day draws near the gold and silver arguments grow hotter and hotter; and the worst of it is that, no matter who wins, the arguments will keep up just the same. If the silver people be victorious, the other side will insist on telling us what they would do if their men had been elected, and *vice-versa*. The

only hope we have is that the supporters of each side will get tired before the holidays are over, so that we may have a rest next session.

—There was an eruption in the aborigines' colony Wednesday afternoon. In the heat of passion, Signor Juju swore he would snatch the brunette moustache from the face of Signor Toto. The latter gentleman swore he wouldn't do any such thing and defended the miniature growth admirably. "High-Collar Bill" launched a tall smile just aft his huge choker as he watched the proceedings, and Li Hung Chang and Ching Lee giggled convulsively.

—The "Hardly Ables" are showing up in fine form. Last Tuesday they defeated the D. D. F's. by a score of 12 to 4 and also gained a victory over the St. Joseph Hall Eleven. Games are anticipated with the "Lawyers," "S. M's." and "Longs and Shorts." A member of the "Hardly Ables" was recently seen suspiciously near the Minims' gridiron during a practise game, and it is possible that a date may be arranged with that ponderous team.

—Just before the game this afternoon, Dr. Thompson, late of Princeton, who shares with Dr. McDowell the reputation of the best sculler in this country, will race in his shell against a picked crew from the University boat club. His work will be watched with interest. Aside from his success as a sculler, it will be the first time that a race of this kind was pulled on St. Joseph's Lake. Tickets to the race will be sold, and the proceeds devoted to the Athletic Association.

—She was only a little old woman in black, but there was something in her presence which made the man with the trombone cease his ear-splitting discords and listen. And when she told of her son, who long ago had been a leader of the band, and how she had come back to old Notre Dame for the last time, her sweet, sympathetic confidence won our hearts and lifted us into a higher and purer atmosphere. When she was gone some one said, "She is an angel," and no voice was heard in dissent.

—The centre of the celebrated Law team is not gifted with the delicate proportions of a Rosenthal; nor has he the avoirdupois of the Count, but for hard, reckless football playing he stands on a level with Schillo and Brown. Four times in as many games has he bucked the line, and four times has his nasal appendage been scattered to the borders of his physiognomy. If the manager could only procure an unlimited supply of noses, Frazer, "E. E. A.," would quit the season as a top-notcher.

—The Albion College football team will meet the Varsity men this afternoon. Unless the men from Michigan are playing a "dark-horse" game Notre Dame should win by a good margin. But in these days of "lucky finds" and "fortunate entrances" one can never venture with certainty an opinion on the out-

come of a football game. Hering seemed satisfied with the practice of the team last Thursday; the men are in apparently good condition, and if Albion hasn't a better team than ours—why, we'll win.

—Evidently he is not a lover of football. All during the game Saturday he talked across the hedge, not even turning his head once. Varsity scored touchdown after touchdown; students yelled and whistled; tin-horns brayed; Confer tooted his trumpet calls; but the member from Colorado heard them not. Neither did *she*. Mullen made his wonderful run and scored a touchdown; the crowd cut olive-green sticks in the atmosphere, but their earnest conversation never flagged for a minute. The crowd left the field, so did the sun; daylight gave way to darkness, and still they talked. As we go to press they are talking still.

—No, gentle reader, those were not phantoms you saw sprinting round the campus every night last week. They were only Tommy and Rosy. Both are in hard, very hard training. Five hours a day they speed gaily around the track, and three more do they break holes in the lines of imaginary opponents; then, dripping with honest perspiration and puffing like young porpoises, they stand up before the relentless trainer in a strictly private, limited round contest with four pound gloves. It is absolutely pitiable, as Rosy steals out of the sweat box, to hear the waiting Tommy ask in a frightened stage whisper: "What did he do to you?"

—Ever since the S. M. Specials organized the vacant lot, back of Sorin Hall reminds one of the Minims' campus. It is not the players or their playing, of course, but the noise they make. Residents of Sorin Hall do not object to this, because they know the S. M's. are holding up the reputation of the hall. The players were a sorry sight after their first practice. They had no team against them; but they managed to fall over each other so much while practising their signals that most of them were compelled to go to the Infirmary for repairs when the practice was over. But this softness has worn off so rapidly that now they can "buck" stone walls and brick houses for hours and never turn a hair.

—"Differential $x, y, z, 23, 32$ "—a lightning pass by Bryan—and Reardon would flit round the end for thirty yards. Then "Sign of x , tangent of y , cosecant of w, y, z "—another flit—another thirty yards. With signals like these and with a line "bucker" like Murphy, it is no wonder the S. M. Specials beat the Lawyers. The game was played on the St. Joseph Hall campus last Thursday morning, and, as Tomaso would say, "a goodly crowd was there." The first half lasted twenty minutes; but time was called at the end of ten minutes' play in the second half to allow the players to prepare for dinner. The score was then 10 to 0 in favor of the S. M. Specials. Both teams played very

well, but the S. M's. put more vim and snap in their work than the Lawyers. Reardon played an elegant game at half. He squirmed through the line like a snake, and tackled in beautiful style. His ground gaining and the line bucking of Murphy were the features of the game. The latter scored both touchdowns for the S. M's. He hit the line so hard all during the game that his brother Sorinites have christened him "Buck" Murphy. The S. M's. will play a few more practise games this session, and will then have their pictures taken. Here is the line-up:

LAWYERS	POSITIONS	S. M. SPECIALS
Frazer	Centre	Pulskamp
Wurzer	Right Guard	Lantry
Drehr	Right Tackle	Medley
Blanchard	Right End	Barry
Crowley	Left Guard	McDonald
Meyers	Left Tackle	Sheehan
Corr	Left End	Palmer
Silver	Right Half	Reardon
Mingey	Left Half	Geoghegan
Weadock	Quarter Back	Bryan
Kearney	Full Back	J.B. Murphy

Linesman, Time-keeper, Referee, Umpire and General Counsellor and Board of Arbitration—Hering.

—In response to an invitation from the Commercial Athletic Club of South Bend the Varsity football men drove to town last Thursday evening to be entertained by the club. They were shown every attention by the gentlemen composing the club, who vied with one another in making the occasion one to be remembered by their guests. The spacious and elegant club-rooms, with their almost perfect equipment, were thrown open to them. Some of the members of the club gave up the billiard tables and bowling alleys to the Varsity men, whilst others entertained the guests in the gymnasium and the parlors. After a very enjoyable two hours' reception at the club-house, all adjourned to Nickel's new banquet hall where a delicious lunch was served. When the feast was over Mr. Fassett spoke in behalf of the football team of the Commercial Athletic Club. He said that the game of last Tuesday was a clean game of football, and that though the Commercial Club was necessarily doomed to defeat they were pleased that the victory had been given to Notre Dame. He expressed the hope that the two elevens might meet again on the gridiron. Mr. Daniel P. Murphy was then called upon to speak for Notre Dame. His remarks were devoted to the friendly feelings that should exist between the University and South Bend, and he hoped that nothing would occur to mar these harmonious relations. Fathers Cavanaugh and Moloney, Messrs. Hering, McInerney and others were then called upon, and finally the members of both elevens set the ball a-rolling. After cheers for South Bend and the University had been given with a hearty good will, the Notre Dame men sought their carriages after having spent a very enjoyable evening. They will not soon forget the royal reception of the Commercial Athletic Club.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Barry, Bryan, Brennan, Byrne, Confer, Costello, Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Golden, Geoghegan, Lantry, Medley, McDonough, Mingey, McDonald, Miller, McNamara, O'Hara, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Palmer, Piquette, Pulskamp, Reardon, Reilly, Ragan, Rosenthal, Sheehan, Steele, Spalding, Sullivan, Steiner.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, Byrne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Baab, Blanchard, Brucker, Bouwens, Cline, Cavanagh, Carney, Campbell, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Dreher, Dukette, Dowd, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daley, Desmond, Fetherstone, Foster, Fadeley, Fox, Follen, Foulks, Farrell, Franey, Fischer, M. Flannigan, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Hoban, Hayes, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, J. Hesse, Hessel, Hartung, Jelonak, Kidder, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Konzen, Koehler, Lyons, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Murphy, Meagher, Morrison, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, Mueller, Monahan, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McMillan, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Powell, Quinn, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Speake, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Summers, Shillington, San Roman, Singler, Schulte, Thiele, Thams, Tong, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Voght, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, Wilson, O. Zaehne, E. Zaehne.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Cornell, Corby, M. Condon, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Conklin, Dellone, Darst, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessy, Flynn, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funke, Frank, Gimbel, Garrity, Girsch, Gonzalez, Grossart, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Herron, Hanley, Hinze, Heffelfinger, Johnson, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kieffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Morgan, Morrissey, Moss, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, J. Murray, R. Murray, Merz, Michels, Mueller, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Rudnicki, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Sheils, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Swan, Sullivan, Syzbowicz, Sexton, F. Taylor, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Watterson, Wells, Wilson.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cuneo, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Field, Garrity, J. Griffith, Graham, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Rees, Reynolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, Weber, Ryan.